

Cupid, Medical Assistant

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

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Dick Fremont was in an unromantic state of mind. A little Cupid, which was holding a finger to its lips and gazing at him from the top of an inkstand on a table by his side, seemed to warn him that he had been physically exhausting himself lately. He had been working too hard. At present he had pains all over his body. His tongue was distinctly discolored, and his pulse was weak. His head was throbbing, and there was scarcely a portion of his body which did not ache. Loss of time meant loss of money to him, for he wrote for a living. If he did not work he was perfectly aware that some one else would get ahead of him. Not that he had easily given up, but the task of putting words together had proved in his present condition as hard as carving blocks of stone.

In his extremity he thought of a doctor. Of all medical men he had a horror. At the moment, however, there seemed to be no excuse for not con-



quering his aversion, so he dispatched a bellboy with orders to bring the nearest medical practitioner in a hurry.

He had made a heroic effort to forestall any aid from such a source. On the table near by were bottles of all sizes and shapes, containing nearly every advertised patent medicine which he thought suited to his peculiar complaint. He had partaken of them all with much the same result as if he had drunk a "hazing" concoction. At last he had given up all hope of successful self-treatment and resigned himself to a dubitative trial of "kill or cure" at the hands of a doctor.

The little Cupid attracted his eyes to a photograph lying close at hand. He took it up, looked at it earnestly and meditated. Just as he was about to press it to his lips a knock came at the door. He said wearily, "Come in!" and a woman's voice responded:

"Tardon me, but are you the gentleman who sent for a doctor? The boy who called me said you lived on the third floor, but I did not quite catch the name he mentioned."

The tones of the voice seemed familiar to Dick. He hastily hid the photograph he had in his hand behind the pillow on his chair and looked up at his visitor.

"Why, May—Miss Montgomery—you?"

With a blush the woman he addressed turned as if to go away.

"It must have been a mistake," she began, when he interrupted her.

"No, no! Please come in!"

She hesitated and then, closing the door, looked at him.

There was a pause, and neither spoke. Then Dick said, in a half whisper, "Are you a doctor?"

"I am," she replied, with a smile.

"But I don't think you meant to send for me."

"Well," he hesitated. "I'm glad to see any doctor."

"That's you?"

She almost laughed at the doubtful compliment.

"No, I don't mean that. I really had no idea of seeing you. I told the bellboy to go for the nearest doctor, and I never thought."

"To see me? No, I suppose not. You didn't know I had taken any degree of course not. I don't suppose my affairs interested you after."

"After our quarrel? Oh, yes, they did. I assure you."

She stopped him with a glance.

"You do look sick," said she, "really sick, and" advancing to the table—"what on earth have you been doing yourself with?"

"A little medicine."

"A little medicine? A little poison," she exclaimed, with a laugh, as she took up the several bottles, one after the other and examined them.

"Toothache drops! Paregoric! Dear me, you must have a complication of ailments!"

"I suppose I have," he wearily assented. "I've tried them all, and I'm not a bit better!"

She burst out laughing. Then she came a little nearer to him and said, hesitating, "Let me feel your pulse."

He put his hand in hers. His pulse was beating at fever heat. She counted

mentally, then touching him on the shoulder gently pressed his body forward and placed her ear to his back.

As she did so the pillow fell down, releasing the hidden picture. She started as she saw her own photograph. Then, with a quite smile, she said, "Are you in pain?"

"Awful!" he replied, pressing his heart.

She winced and turned toward the mantelpiece. There, staring her in the face, was another photograph of her self. She turned and looked at him.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I really believe you still!"

"Yes," he replied, looking straight into her eyes, "I do still care for you. Won't you forgive me for my share in that silly quarrel we had two years ago?"

She made no reply as he hesitated.

"Ah, say yes!" and he tried to rise, but sank back with an expression of pain.

"Don't get up," she said gently. "You are too sick."

"Can't you help me?"

She smiled. "I think I can."

She took out her prescription book and wrote on a leaf.

"Here is a prescription which—"

"Oh, bless the medicine! I don't want that. If you only—"

"Will you take it? See what it is!"

"Oh, I can't read doctors' hieroglyphics. I mean I don't understand Latin."

She handed him the slip of paper. He took it and carefully scanned what she had written, which was merely her name "May Montgomery."

"Will I take it?" he almost shouted.

"Will you give it to me?"

She nodded her head.

The cure was complete.

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INTERESTING LETTER

WRITTEN BY A NOTABLE WOMAN

Mrs. Sarah Kellogg of Denver, Colo., Bearer of the Woman's Relief Corps, Sends Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham.



Mrs. Sarah Kellogg

The following letter was written by Mrs. Kellogg, of 1628 Lincoln Ave., Denver, Col., to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"For five years I was troubled with a tumor, which kept growing, causing me intense agony and great mental depression. I was unable to attend to my house work, and life became a burden to me. I was confined for days to my bed, lost my appetite, my courage and all hope."

"I could not bear to think of an operation, and in my distress I tried every remedy which I thought would be of any use to me, and reading of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to sick women decided to give it a trial. I felt so discouraged that I had little hope of recovery, and when I began to feel better, after the second week, thought it only meant temporary relief; but to my great surprise I found that I kept gaining, while the tumor lessened in size."

"The Compound continued to build up my general health and the tumor seemed to be absorbed, until, in seven months, the tumor was entirely gone and I a well woman. I am so thankful for my recovery that I ask you to publish my letter in newspapers, so other women may know of the wonderful curative powers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

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